



**Real enough for
you?**

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Real enough for you? by Petrova

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: 27 years later, Adult Losers, Afraid Pennywise, Audra and Bill not married yet, Badass Losers, Badass Losers scare the kids, Everything could have been avoided if the kids just talked to Stan, F/M, M/M, Manipulative Pennywise, Maybe not Eddie, Or Stan, Socially Awkward Losers, Someone Help Them, They aren't trying to

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eddie has a little brother!, Eddie's nephew, Georgie Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Original Characters, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Mentioned Audra Denbrough/Bill Denbrough, Stanley Uris/Mike Hanlon

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Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

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Summary:

When Peter Hart's best friend goes missing, his big sister Penelope is convinced that Bill Denbrough and his friends had something to do with it. Four kids try to piece together the mystery behind the recent disappearances of their small town.

Or

Where the Losers remember everything that happened that summer and train their whole lives preparing for IT's return.

Pennywise is afraid but still plots

And the kids think that the Losers are the child killers.

Real enough for you?

Author's Note:

Chapter Warning for Bloodthirsty Pennywise. Its all murderous thoughts though.

Ive had this in my head for a while now. Surely the losers would be traumatized to hell and back after fighting It. But what if instead of becoming terrified shells of their former selves they become hardened warriors. Thus this fic was born.

It will be through the eyes of four children who slowly start to believe that the Losers are the actual evil entity of Derry instead of IT. POVs of the Losers will have their own chapters so stay tuned.

Without further ado have a Pennywise chapter!

IT is Awake.

Awaken by voices familiar but not so.

"Can any of you see anything?"

"Nah its as dark as your mothers vagina down there, just as rank too-"

IT is Floating-

Floating in a state of half-conscious half-corporeal form. Its power *the very little It has left* masks Its body - submerged in a thin film of

motionless well water. Hidden from those It does not wish to be seen by.

"You guys think we should just climb down there?"

"We've already used most of the rope we have. Besides this well could go on forever- I haven't read about a well within the sewers in any of the books I've come across. Interesting enough I have come across multiple passages detailing a wooden bridge leading into some sort of secret sanctuary in the woods. Book says you'll be accepted as long as you keep your mind-"

IT is Annoyed.

I'll wrap you up Egg boy. Wrap you up in bandages head to toe after I've ripped out all your bloody gushing organs. Rip out your intestines and play jump rope with em. Make you watch as I squeeze your bleeding heart onto Red's Winter fire hair -

"Maybe I should have brought my measuring tape then. That or grown out my hair so we can go down there Rapunzel style."

Laughter fills its dark cavernous lair as the girl no-not a girl anymore says her remark. They laugh with ease. They laugh in a place where only screams and wails are permitted.

IT is Angry.

I'll strangle you with Eggs boys intestines. Gut you, bleed you out until I can drown you in your own blood! Blinded by the thick gore you'll only be able to hear your friends scream your name. See nothing but the red chocking you and your father face holding you down to drown. Holding you down like he did-

"I could just start shooting at it. I think I've brought along enough bullets this time."

"Mike you brought along enough bullets to arm a small militia."

"Someone had to. God forbid we all arm ourselves with iron spikes and beer bottles."

"Hey!-"

Laughter once again fill its eardrums- mocking and sneering and-

IT is Livid.

I'll rip you apart. I'll have your parents rip you apart. Burn your body to the bone as they tear you apart limb from limb. Make you choke on the smoke of your own flesh. Then shoot you - right between the eyes - like the useless dumb animal that you are-

"I suggest we just use the rope and dangle Richie. The Lord knows that I'd stop whatever I was doing just to come out and deck Trashmouth."

"I concur."

"Ditto, Bev could probably hold him up by herself, right honey?"

"Damn straight I can."

"What no- shut up all of you! Stan the man- For a holy dude you sure are a cunt."

"Beep beep Richie- Language or I'm not giving you any of food I've brought besides I'm a Rabbi, not a Saint. "

" Yes mother"

More laughter. More laughter. They laugh like they are children

playing in a park, not in the place of living nightmares-

IT is Seething.

I won't torture you in front of your friends, Oh no, I'll get you alone. Let you wander and scramble around in my sewers. Running around - afraid and alone and screaming for your friends to come and help that it will just be You and the darkness. You.You.You and **Me-**

"A sewer! Why did this stupid thing need to live in a sewer! It stinks down here. Knew I should have brought a scented candle."

"Don't worry babe. You can just sleep next to me. Let you inhale some of this Manly aroma."

"Ugh, I'd rather sleep down there with the clown. Hey Pennywise! can I sleep down there with you."

Laughter. Jokes directed at It. As if they are not worms in the face of God. Worthless, worthless worms.

IT is Enraged.

I'll kill you slowly. let leprosy rot you inside and out. Let your nose fall out and your skin decay. Make you look like that beggar you were so afraid of. Break your arm for old times sake. Twist a leg or maybe bite off an arm. let you bleed out on the damp cold floor-

"What!? Ah hell naw! Yo Pennywise you ain't taking my man! Come up and fight me you pale ass-Jimmy Neutron motherfucker!"

The water It is submerged in vibrates from the impact of the man kicking the mouth of the well. Debris hit the water's surface disturbing It even more. Laughter still echoes in the chamber. laughterlaughterlaughter-

Only Its laughter is allowed!

IT is Furious.

Big talk but you have always been the easiest one. Torturing lover boy would destroy you. Always been your weakness even before you knew it. Maybe I'll let you hold his cooling body as he dies. let you clutch your friend and kiss him goodnight. You'll be helpless to do anything! Then I'll bring him back and torture you so he can watch and we'll do again and again and agai-

"Hey big Bill, we've been down here for hours. Maybe it really is gone. Maybe we don't have to-"

IT is Murderous.

Bill! Bill Denbrough! I'll kill you last. I'll make sure you watch all your friends float before I get you. Make you watch them all die! Kill them! Kill em all like I did your brother! Like I did with Georgie! *hahahahuheuhaha* stupid stupid Georg-

"No."

A voice who is familiar but not so. A voice who has not spoken yet seems to cut through the very air, silencing both his comrades and Its bloodthirsty thoughts.

IT is-

"No, It's weak. It knows how strong we are now. All of us are. It's bidding

its time, down there waiting."

Still unseen by the children *no longer children* who gather around his well - It opens Its eyes and stares straight up. Bright eyes peering down into the black void unflinching. All of them. Ready. Calm. Unafraid.

Bill Denbrough cannot see It, cannot feel It but the man smiles. A vicious smile with a promise because *he knows-*

"And we'll be waiting for It too"

IT is afraid

Author's Note:

Yikes Pennywise, Cranky much?

First fic Ive ever written so please leave some feedback!

Please note that I have only seen the movie so I will be taking some artistic liberties with this fic. So No turtle, No ritual ,no Favorite Characters dying. I have read the Wiki to help me flesh out the story a bit. Please comment to let me know what you think!

Bonus can any of you guess what bridge Ben what talking about?